

OCTOBER

No. 36

10¢

SMASH COMICS



ANOTHER
MIDNIGHT
THRILLER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HERE IT IS!

POLICE

COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER
No. 13



THE SPIRIT



MANHUNTER



CHIC CARTER



#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



RUBBER
Salvage
COLLECTION

Starring
**PLASTIC
MAN**
THE INDIA RUBBER
WIZARD WHO
BOUNCES, BENDS
STRETCHES, SHRINKS

WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS



TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT
Plus MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

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A BELL RINGER!

PACKED
WITH
THRILLS

STORIES OF THE *ARMY AND NAVY*
MILITARY
COMICS 10¢

NOVEMBER
No. 13

BLACKHAWK
VERSUS
THE BUTCHER
COMICS MOST HEROIC
CHARACTER
PITTED AGAINST
WORST VILLAIN

ANOTHER EDITION OF
SECRET WAR NEWS
THE SNIPER
PHANTOM CLIPPED
SHOT & SHELL



FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



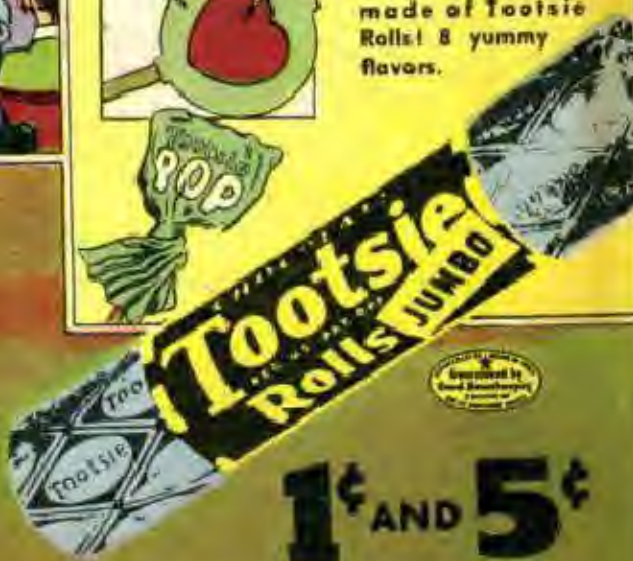
See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!



1¢ AND 5¢

MIDNIGHT

HERE YA
ARE GANG!
MIDNIGHT'S
GONE INTO
NINE PAGES..
JUST LIKE YOU
ASKED FOR!

WE HOPE YOU DON'T
REALLY BELIEVE THIS
BIZARRE ADVENTURE
OF DAVE CLARK, ALIAS
MIDNIGHT..
NEED WE SAY MORE ?

WITH
GABBY
THE
TALKING
MONKEY

AND
DOC
WACKEY



PRESENTING....

THE DEATH OF MIDNIGHT!!

by JACK COLE..

ODDLY ENOUGH
WE OPEN AT
THE END OF A
STORY...IT HAS
BEEN ONE OF
VIOLENT ACTION
BETWEEN
MIDNIGHT
AND **CYCLOPS**,
CEYLON'S GANG!

FINALLY, THE
FIGHT HAS
NARROWED
DOWN TO TWO
MEN: **CYCLOPS**
AND **MIDNIGHT!**
EVEN NOW THE
KILLER FLEES
BEFORE EVER
CHARGING
MIDNIGHT...



**THEN CYCLOPS' RADIO-
EQUIPPED CAR SKIDS...**



UP BALD MOUNTAIN
THEY GO, CLIMBING
MADLY, UP...UP...



**THUS BEGINS A STRUGGLE
TO THE DEATH**



[FAR
BELOW
MIDNIGHT'S
TWO
AIDES,
GABBY,
THE
TALKING
MONKEY,
AND
DOC
WACKY,
THE
INVENTOR,
WATCH
THE HOT
CONTEST!



SOON A CROWD GATHERS



ON AND ON THEY BATTLE

PUFF-PUFF!!
I'LL PULVERIZE
YOU!!

HA! HA!

THEN

GOOD GRIEF!
THEY-THEY'RE
GOING TO
FALL!!

THIS IS
THE END,
CEYLON!

BUT YOU'RE
COMING TOO!
HA..HA HA
HA HA HA

THUD

I-I
CAN'T
LOOK!

OH!

OH!
RUN!

HERE
THEY
COME!

MIDNIGHT!
SPEAK TO
ME! OH,
DOC, HE-
HE ISN'T...

YES..HE'S
GONE!

OH, NO!
NO..NO.. IT
COULDN'T BE!
HE'S NOT DEAD

STEADY
BOY!

ON NO TIME THE SAD NEWS IS
FLASHED TO THE WORLD..

..AND IT CAN
TRULY BE SAID "HE
DIED WITH HIS BOOTS
ON".. FIGHTING THE
BATTLE FOR JUSTICE
ETC, ETC...

AND WITH A NATION IN
MOURNING, THE WORLD'S
GREATEST CRIMEFIGHTER
IS LAID TO REST..

YES
MIDNIGHT IS
DEAD! WE PAUSE
A MOMENT IN
REVERENCE TO THE
MEMORY OF A
BRAVE SOUL WHOSE
ENTIRE LIFE WAS
DEVOTED TO THE
ADMINISTRATION
OF JUSTICE!









IMPS FOUR IN ON THEM

CUT THEM
TO RIBBONS
MEN!



BUT THE DEVIL RUNS INTO
TROUBLES OF HIS OWN!...

WELL, HOW
ABOUT IT?
HAVE YOU
CHANGED YOUR
MIND?

OKAY!
OKAY... I'LL
DO IT... ONLY
STOP THE
ASSAULT!!



HIS WIFE VIEWS
THE PROCEEDINGS

SO! THE DEVIL
CALLED OFF
THE NAZI
INVASION, DID
HE? WE'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT!!



GRRA



BUT SUDDENLY
A HOOK REACHES DOWN



UP, UP, UP.
HE IS
CARRIED..



AND DEPOSITED BACK AT
THE FORK IN THE ROAD

WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF
BRINGING
ME BACK?

TO MAKE
A LONG
STORY
SHORT..



IT SEEMS
YOUR TIME ON
EARTH ISN'T UP
YET. IN FACT
YOU'RE DUE
THERE NOW.
SO HURRY!



MEANWHILE,
UP ON EARTH
DOC AND
GABBY WAIT
WITH BAITED
BREATH
FOR THE
OUTCOME OF
THE
EXPERIMENT

D. DO YOU THINK
IT'LL WORK, DOC?

NO, BUT IF
IT DOES
MIDNIGHT
MUST NEVER
KNOW
OF OUR
DEAL!

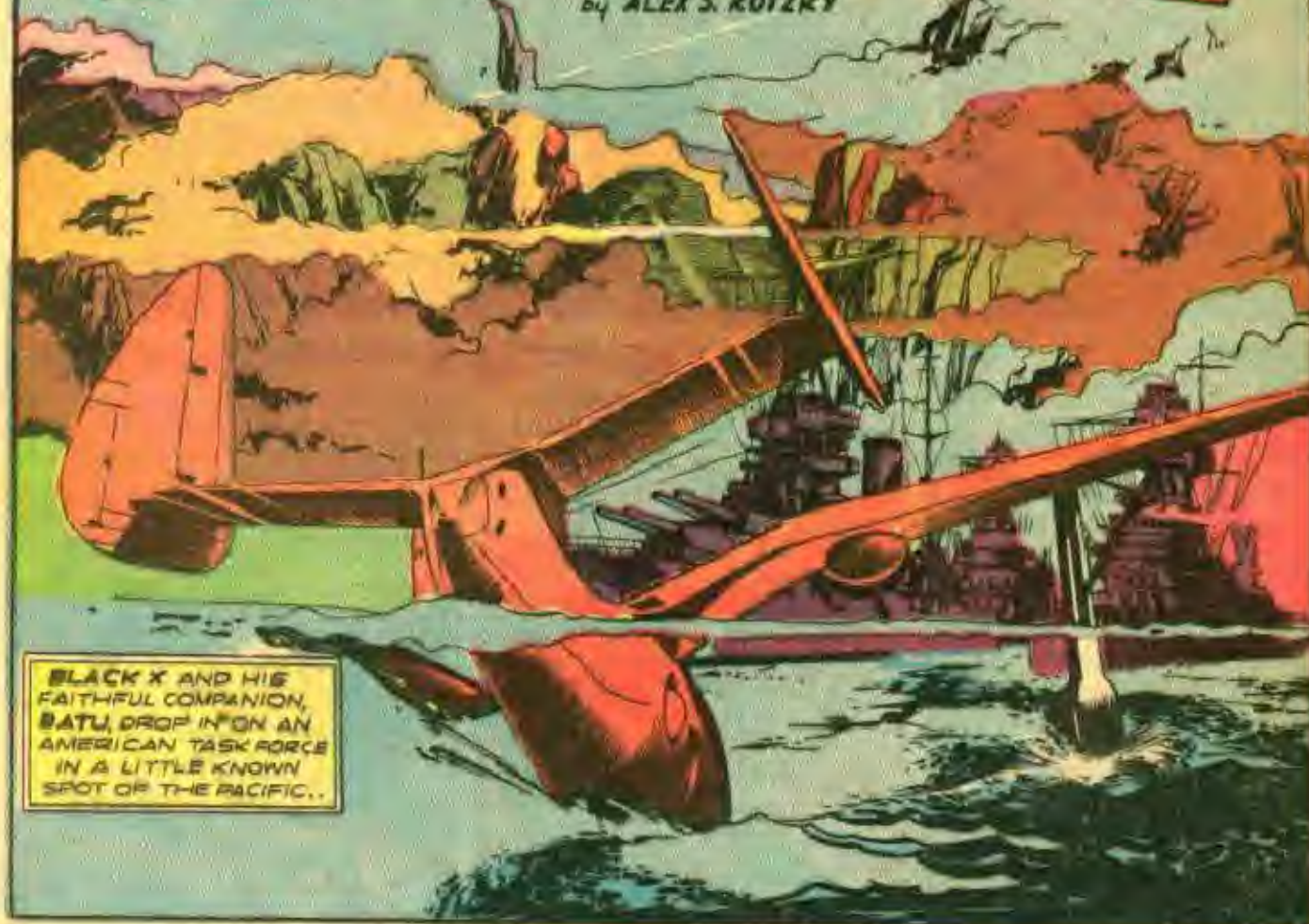
AH!
COME HERE,
GENTLEMEN!





ESPIONAGE

by ALEX S. KOTZKY



BLACK X AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION, BATU, DROP IN ON AN AMERICAN TASK FORCE IN A LITTLE KNOWN SPOT OF THE PACIFIC..



HOW DO YOU DO, COMMANDER?

BY GODFREY, IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

THE NEW ARRIVAL CONVERSES WITH THE COMMANDER, THEN.

YOU'RE ASKING FOR SUICIDE, BLACK X!

NO, JUST TWO ASBESTOS SUITS, CAPTAIN!



... AND IF I'M NOT BACK AS A FLYING TIGER IN THREE DAYS... COUNT ME A DEAD PIGEON !!



THAT NIGHT, INTO A JAP HELD HARBOR, WHERE TWO OF NIPPON'S BATTLE SHIPS LIE AT ANCHOR, STEAMS AN INFERNO OF YANKEE INGENUITY...



ON THE BLAZING DECK!

THERE'S A V-MAN IN EVERY JAP HELD TOWN IN THE ORIENT, BATU! WE DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHERE HE IS, BUT SOMEHOW WE'LL CONTACT HIM!



LOOK, MASTER! WE'RE GOING TO RAM... THEN JUMP!



LOOK, BOTH SHIPS AND THE DOCK HAVE CAUGHT FIRE, GOOD JOB!



NOW TO GET ASHORE WITHOUT BEING SEEN, OH, BY!



AMERICAN DOG!



SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOW, BATU, SECURE ME A DISGUISE!



BATU'S STRANGE POWER TO PROJECT HIS IMAGE AIDS HIM...



HOURS LATER...

NO SIGN OF A V-MAN... BUT THERE MUST... WHAT'S THAT STRANGE NOISES?

NATIVE MUSIC... DANCING GIRLS...



HMM... SO THE JAPS HAVE COMMANDERED THE FAVORS OF THE JAVANESE DANCERS!



LOOK MASTER! THE V!



THE FINGER MOVEMENTS IN ALL JAVANESE DANCES HAVE THEIR SPECIAL MEANING UNKNOWN TO OCCIDENTALS BUT THIS MESSAGE IS PLAIN ENOUGH TO BLACK X!



FOLLOW HER, BATU!



HALT! YOU CANNOT GO IN THERE!



SIR, I HAD NO SUCH INTENTION!



IT WOULD BE THE LAST THING TO ENTER MY MIND!



THE TEMPLE OF SECRET SIGNS... TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT...

THE TEMPLE
OF SECRET
SIGNS!



IT IS SUSPICIOUSLY
NOISELESS HERE,
MASTER!

JUST THEN...

HA, HAH, HA, HA!



THE IDOLS! THEY'RE
COMING TOWARD US!



HAH-HAH-HAH!



B. BATU! LOOK! WE
WALKED INTO A TRAP!

HAH!



YES! AND NOW YOU WILL DIE
IN THE BOTTOM OF THE
SIGHING WELL !!



YOU WERE LOOKING
FOR THE Y MAN .. I AM.
THE VENGEANCE, SWORN TO
DESTROY ALL WESTERN MEN
AND THEIR ALLIES! THROW
THEM IN THE WELL!



NO! WAIT!





WE'VE FOLLOWED THE HEDGES OVER THE HILL. LOOK, BATU... WE MUST HAVE BEEN SEEN. THIS ROCK IS MOVING BACK!



THE HIDDEN CAVERN OF A V-MAN, SECRET FRIEND OF THE UNITED NATIONS...



I WISH TO LEAD A SQUADRON OF JAP PLANES OVER THE SAGON ARCHIPELAGOS!

I SEE, A TRAP.. IT WILL TAKE A FEW DAYS TO ARRANGE IT!

PERFECT! THEY EXPECT ME BACK BY THEN!



WELL, NOT EXACTLY...

I NEVER EXPECT TO SEE BLACK X AGAIN. THIS TIME HE'S TRIED THE IMPOSSIBLE!



But...TWO DAYS LATER!

GREAT SCOTT! IT CAN'T BE!



IT IS! A WHOLE FLIGHT OF JAP PLANES! MAN THE HIDDEN GUNS!

UNKNOWN TO THE JAPS, THE SAGON ARCHIPELAGOS HAVE BECOME A NEST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, WHICH NOW GO INTO ACTION, DESTROYING THE WHOLE FLIGHT.



FROM THE LEAD PLANE, TWO FIGURES DROP...



HELLO CAPTAIN! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, WASN'T IT?

BLACK X! B..BUT HOW COULD YOU?



THE V-MEN'S SECRETS ARE NOT EVEN KNOWN TO ME.. SUFFICE TO SAY THAT WE HAVE FRIENDS WORKING IN THE HIGH COMMAND OF OUR ENEMY AND WHENEVER WE CAN REACH THEM, THEY WILL HELP US.



Archie O'TOOLE

GUESS
I'LL DROP
DOWN TO
THE BEACH!

BUT THERE HAVE
BEEN TWO ATTEMPTS
ON YOUR
LIFE, SIRE!

LOOK! THIS MOVIE
EXTRA'S YOUR EXACT
DOUBLE! LET HIM
WEAR YOUR CROWN
AND GO WITH YOU

CAN
HE WEAR
A 6 3/8"

YES,
AND WITH
THAT FALSE
MUSTACHE,
NOBODY'LL
KNOW YOU'RE
THE REAL
KING

AND IF ANYBODY
GETS HURT
IT'LL BE MY
DOUBLE!

AT'S
MY
JOB!

S'LONG, KING! WHILE
YOU SNOOZE I'LL TAKE
A STROLL

FAIR
ENOUGH

LATER

MM - SOME
NAPI! WONDER
IF MY DOUBLES
ALL RIGHT

I'LL SAY
HE'S ALL
RIGHT!

HONEST, ARCHIE,
YOU'RE THE
CUTEST KING
I EVER
MET!

YOU'RE TOO
DARLING
FOR WORDS,
ARCHIE

AW, SHUCKS,
GIRLS

HEY! WAIT
A MINUTE!

I'M
THE REAL
KING! I
HOW 'BOUT
BUZZIN'
ROUND
ME A BIT?

FAKE! BEGONE
YOU BEWHISKERED
BABOON!

YOU WITH
THAT SILLY
MUSTACHE!

SCRAM

GO
CUDDLE A
WALRUS!

AH, SIRE, ANYBODY
TAKE A SHOT AT
YOUR DOUBLE YET?

NO,
CONFUND
IT!

BUT I
SOON WILL,
S'HELP ME!

WILDFIRE

BY
DICK MOONEY
AND
BOB TURNER

ORPHANED CAROL MARTIN, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF A SOCIETY FAMILY, POSSESSES POWER TO USE FLAMES FOR ANY PURPOSE SHE DESIRES. WITH THIS GIFT SHE WAGES WAR AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL, IN THE ROLE OF **WILDFIRE!!!**



IN THE MARTIN HOME ONE MORNING

HO-HO! LOOK AT THIS AD IN THE NEWSPAPER SOME ONE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BELIEVE IN WILDFIRE!

LET'S SEE, DADDY!

CLASSIFIED WANT

PERSONAL WILL WILDFIRE MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF MASON THE BORDER STREET AT NOON TOMORROW.

IMPORTANT!

ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS? AS IF THERE COULD BE SUCH A PERSON!





NOON, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

I'M A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT APPOINTMENT, BUT I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER. MUST'VE BEEN A PHONEY, NOBODY HERE!



THAT LITTLE BOY SITTING THERE ALL ALONE, I WONDER...



ARE YOU LOST SON? CAN I HELP YOU?

NAH! THANKS, LADY, BUT I HAD A DATE WITH A DAME AND I-I GUESS SHE STOOD ME UP. (SIGH)



I GUESS I SHOULD'VE KNOWN A FAMOUS BABE LIKE WILDFIRE WOULDN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WITH A LITTLE PUNK LIKE ME. WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME A GUY FOR TRYING!



BYE!

THE POOR KID, MAYBE I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HE WANTS!

I GUESS I'LL MOSEY HOME. S'LONG LADY!



SWIFTLY CAROL BECOMES WILDFIRE, AND...

SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RUNNING OUT ON A GAL JUST BECAUSE SHE'S A LITTLE LATE?

WHA-WHAT? WILDFIRE! YOU-YOU CAME!



YOU SEE, MISS WILDFIRE I-I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU AND EVERYTHING AN'I SORT OF FELL FOR YOU, AND I THOUGHT-GAWSH I DON'T KNOW- THAT MAYBE IF YOU LIKED ME TOO, THAT YOU'D...



I'D WHAT?

WELL, MAYBE GIVE ME SOME POWER OVER FIRE, OEE, IF YOU ONLY COULD I-AW, WHAT'S THE USE, I KNOW YOU CAN'T!



YOU'RE RIGHT I CAN'T DO THAT, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO. FIRST I'LL HAVE TO DRAW FLAME FROM THAT BRUSH FIRE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?

MICKY KANE.



AND AS WILDFIRE ZOOMS OFF

I SAW HER! I TALKED TO HER! SHE GAVE ME A MAGIC FLAME! I'LL NEVER WAKE UP, I HOPE, I HOPE!



A WEEK LATER, IN THE HOME OF MICKY KANE...

TOM! TOM! YOU BIG LUG, YOU'RE HOME!

AND FOR A LONG WHILE I GUESS, MICKY, HOW'S MY TOUGH LITTLE KID BROTHER?



O'WAN, MICKY, I THINK YOU'RE FULL O' SOUP. I DON'T THINK YOUR BROTHER EVEN INVENTED ANYTHING TO MAKE POISON GAS HARMLESS!

YEAH, WELL YOU WAIT AND SEE. I'LL BET HE EVEN GETS A MEDAL FOR HIS WORK!



IF THAT KID MICKY KANE IS RIGHT, SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GONNA GET RICH QUICK!



IN HIS EXCITEMENT, MICKY KNOCKS THE CAN CONTAINING THE MAGIC FLAMES FROM HIS DRESSER. THE TINY FIRE IS FREED!



I'LL HELP TOM. I'LL FIX THOSE MUGGS!



LET MY BROTHER GO! HELP!!

HEY, SOMEBODY GRAB THIS KID!



LAY DOWN BRAT!

THAT'S KANE'S KID BROTHER. BRING HIM ALONG SO HE CAN'T RAISE A BIG SMELL ABOUT THIS SNATCH!



WITH MICKY AND HIS BROTHER PRISONERS, THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY...



MADE GOOD TIME. GET 'EM INSIDE. WE'LL GO TO WORK ON KANE!



BACK IN TOWN, THE MAGIC FLAME HAS ENTERED CAROL MARTIN'S BEDROOM



OUCH!

FUNNY! I HAD A DREAM SOMETHING WAS BURNING MY... SAY! WHAT'S... A LITTLE FLAME MAN BECKONING TO ME!



WHILE CAROL SLEEPILY FORGETFUL OF HER ARRANGEMENT WITH MICKY, TRIES TO FIGURE THE MEANING OF THE MAGIC-FLAME...

COME ON KANE GET SMART! YOU AIN'T LEAVIN' HERE ALIVE UNLESS YOU TELL US THAT ANTI-GAS FORMULA OF YOURS!



NOTHING DOING. GO AHEAD AND KILL ME. YOU GUYS WANT THAT FORMULA SO YOU CAN SELL IT TO AMERICA'S ENEMIES. WELL, YOU WON'T GET IT, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO!



I THINK MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND, KANE, AFTER YOU HEAR THE KID SCREAM A LITTLE!

DON'T GIVE IN, TOM; I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO TO ME, EITHER!



THE FLAME SEARS MICKY'S FOOT, CRUELLY!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! LEAVE THE KID ALONE I CAN'T STAND IT! I'LL TURN HIM FREE AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW!

OOHHHH!



HOLD EVERYTHING, MICKY!



IT'S WILDFIRE! WE'RE LICKED!

RIGHT, PAL, JUST LIKE AN OLD POSTAGE STAMP!



AS THE TRAITORS BATTLE WILDFIRE, TOM AND MICKY BREAK FREE, JOIN THE FRACAS *****



YOU AND YOUR BROTHER SEEM TO HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND, MICKY. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO CLEAN UP THINGS!

WILDFIRE, WAIT! HEY—



MICKY, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! WHERE HAS SHE BEEN ALL MY LIFE? WOW!

HEY, YOU LUG, THAT'S MY GIRL!



Follow Wildfire in the November issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale September 18th.



INSPECTOR MCINTY HAS HIS HANDS FULL TRACKING DOWN THE JESTER, WHO HE THINKS IS THE WORST CRIMINAL IN THE CITY... AND TRYING TO TEACH ROOKIE CHUCK LANE THE ROPES ABOUT BEING A COP.... BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT THE JESTER AND CHUCK LANE ARE THE SAME PERSON!





WHO DO YOU THINK PULLED THIS JOB, MCGINTY?

THE JESTER, CHUCK! NO ONE ELSE COULD PULL A SUCK JOB LIKE THIS! C'MON, FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING!



MY FOOT! THAT THICK HEADED NUMBSKULL CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE BUT CATCHING THE JESTER... ME! HE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THE SIX BANKS THAT WERE ROBBED!



SINCE YOU'RE OUT TO FOLLOW THE JESTER, MCGINTY, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... SEE THAT HE LEADS YOU TO THE REAL CROOKS!

IN A FEW MINUTES, CHUCK LANE CHARGES TO THAT HILARIOUS CRIME BUSTER, THE JESTER, AND SLIPS PAST THE POLICE INTO THE CENTER OF THE CIRCULAR DRAGNET!



THIS IS THE CENTER OF THE CIRCLE... THE OBVIOUS PLACE TO FIND A CLUE... IF THERE IS ONE!



HEY! WHAT'S THIS MAN-HOLE DOING OPEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET??



WAIT A MINUTE!! MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



WHAT IS?? ONE OF THE PACKS OF STOLEN BILLS?



WELL I'LL.... **HOLY MACKEREL!**

HEY, PROF, HERE'S TH' DOUGH! CATCH!







BOZO THE ROBOT

by
WAYNE
REID.



HUGH HAZZARD, OWNER OF THE GREATEST FIGHTING MACHINE OF ALL TIME, THE ROBOT- IS CALLED IN TO TRACK DOWN HI-JACKERS OF SCRAP METAL, NOW SO VITAL IN FIGHTING THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY--

IN THE OFFICE OF HENRY VAUN, MILLIONAIRE JUNK DEALER---

TELL ME, HAZZARD - HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE THE GANG WHO HI-JACK'S MY SCRAP METAL?

YES, MR. VAUN-

THE HIDE-OUT'S ON THE WATERFRONT AND IT'S THERE THEY LOAD IT ON SHIPS AND SEND IT OVERSEAS TO THE AXIS POWERS--

WHAT?

NOT ONLY THAT- BUT THAT LAST BRIDGE THAT WAS WRECKED- IT WAS THE WORK OF SABOTEURS!

YOU MEAN THE WRECKAGE I BUY IS THE RESULT OF THE WORK OF THIS MOB-- HOW DID YOU FIND ALL THIS OUT??

I FOUND THAT AND SOMETHING ELSE.....



A FEW MINUTES LATER, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, STREAKS THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY TOWARD CLOVE STREET.



INSIDE, THE IRON MAN
LISTENS---

OUR NEXT JOB IS
TO SET THAT NEW
TRANSPORT SHIP ON
FIRE AN' TURN IT
INTO JUNK--

WHEN
DO WE
DO DAT?

TONIGHT--

I'D FEEL
BETTER IF
THAT IRON MAN
WHAT'S ON OUR
TRAIL WAS
OUT OF DA
WAY, BENNY--

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT HIM--
WE'RE ALL SET
FOR HIM--

HMM--

SO THAT'S THE
SET-UP... I'LL SEND
BOZO IN ALONE---

OKAY,
BOZO-GET
GOING!!

BENNY-
LOOK!

THE
IRON MAN--
AT HIM!

BENNY ESCAPING-- SEES
HUGH WATCHING THE BATTLE
FROM THE SHADOWS...

OH-
OH--!





The RAY



CALLED BACK FROM WAR SHOCKED EUROPE TO HIS HOME OFFICE, HAPPY TERRILL FINDS THAT NO NEWS CAN BE BAD NEWS FOR HIM... BUT WATCH HIM, AS THE RAY, UNTANGLE AN AMAZING CHAIN OF EVENTS.



FIRST PAGE.. WAR!
SECOND PAGE.. WAR!!
THIRD PAGE.. STILL MORE WAR!! I GOTTA HAVE SOME VARIETY!!



THERE MUST BE SOME NEWS IN THE WORLD BESIDES WAR AND HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES!!

WELL, WHATTAYA WANT ME TO DO, ROB A BANK??



YEAH!



O.K... I'LL PULL A JOB ON THE FIFTH NATIONAL, TONIGHT!!



BOY, WHEN YOU NEWSBOYS DO THINGS, YOU DO 'EM UP BROWN! NOW THEY FOUND A CASHIER MURDERED OUT IN THE ALLEY, BEHIND THE BANK!!



HIT WITH A BLUNT OBJECT.. HEY! HE'S GONE! TERRILL'S ESCAPED!!!



RIDING ON THE VERY BEAMS THAT SEARCH FOR HIM, HAPPY, AS THE MIGHTY RAY DROPS OVER THE PRISON WALLS...



I WANT JUST ONE LOOK AT THAT CASHIER..



THIS'LL BLIND YOU ONLY FOR A MINUTE, BUD!!!



JUST AS I THOUGHT.. IT'S THE WORK OF THE HAMMER HAND!!!



NOW I KNOW I'VE BEEN **FRAMED!!** BY WHOM AND WHY... I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS UP RIGHT NOW!!



GREAT GRIEF!! THAT MEANS THEY'VE GOT BUD.. HE WASN'T AT HOME OR THE POLICE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM IN!!



THE RAY IS RIGHT!! AT THIS VERY MOMENT...



BUT A STRANGE THING OCCURS

AH, I CANNOT! HE LOOKS LIKE MY SON OTTO- DID WHEN HE WAS YOUNG.. OTTO IS DEAD IN RUSSIA!! YOU DO THE JOB!!





WE'LL TAKE HIM
DOWN TO THE **RADIO
ROOM** AND
GIVE HIM
A COUPLE
OF ELECT-
RIC JOLTS!



MEANWHILE

I KNOW
HAMMER HAND
IS A NAZI SPY.
BUT I'VE BEEN
WAITING TO GET
EVIDENCE
ON HIM..



HE'S CLEVER..
BUT I'LL GET
HIM THIS TIME!!



BANG!
BANG!

WHAT'S
THAT?

BOSS IS
HAVING
TROUBLE!!



LOCK THE KID IN
AND COME ON!!



SAVE YOUR
BULLETS, **HAMMER
HAND!**



YOU CAN SEE A GUN WON'T HELP YOU,
AND YOUR FIST IS GONE, SO TELL
ME WHERE YOUR SHORT-WAVE
RADIO, AND
BUD ARE
HIDDEN!



VERY SMART OF
YOU TO KNOW ALL
THIS THERE
WAS A REPORTER
WHO WAS GETTING
WISE.. BUT
YOU...

I KNOW..
YOU HAD HIM
SENT TO JAIL.
WELL.. I'M
ACTING AS
HIS DEFENSE
ATTORNEY!!
TO CLEAR HIM,
I NEED YOU!!



LATER...

SO YOU WERE TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY WITH YOUR TWO PALS, TERRILL, WHERE YOU CRACKED UP ON THE HIGHWAY...



I KNOW IT LOOKS THAT WAY YOUR HONOR, BUT I'M INNOCENT. THESE MEN ARE THE BANK ROBBERS, MURDERERS, AND NAZI SPIES TO BOOT. BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT...



SUDDENLY...

FATHER... FATHER... CAN YOU HEAR ME??

IT IS OTTO!! MY LITTLE BOY CALLING ME FROM THE DEAD!!



CONFESS YOUR CRIMES, FATHER!! YOU HAVE BEEN MISLED... THE FEUHRER IS WRONG!! FROM WHERE I AM NOW, I CAN SEE IT!! CONFESS FATHER!! AND JOIN ME!!!



YES, YES, I DID THE ROBBERY, AND THE MURDER!! LET ME DIE!! LET ME GO TO MY SON!!



THAT VOICE SOUNDED LIKE BUD'S!!

IT IS BUD, HAPPY!! HAMMER-HANDS GOT A RECEIVING SET AND MIKE SOMEWHERE ON HIS BODY!! I'M LOCKED IN HIS RADIO ROOM!!



THE HAMMER, THAT'S IT!!



WHERE ARE YOU BUD??

IN THE THIRD SUB-CELLAR.. UNDER THE HIDEOUT!!



WHEN BUD IS AT LAST RESCUED...

WELL, BOY, YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND REPUTATION THAT TIME!!

AW, IT WAS NOTHING, I'M JUST PRACTISING TO BE A BEAM OFF THE OLD RAY!!



Watch for the next thriller of The Ray.

Rookie RANKIN

By
ARTHUR
PEDDY

IN BED WITH A SLIGHT COLD, ROOKIE IS MUCH DISGUSTED WITH HIS POND MAMA'S CODDLING!

IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, ROOKIE... YOU'VE GOT IT!!! FOR THERE'S A WHIMPERING, SNIVELLING KILLER JUST AROUND THE NEXT PAGE WHO'S ITCHING TO PROVE YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF THAT POLICE BADGE YOU WEAR!

AW, MOM! ENOUGH'S ENOUGH! I AIN'T GONNA DRINK THAT STUFF! YOU'D THINK I HAD PE-NE-MONIA OR SOMETHIN', THE WAY YA CARRY ON!

NOW, SON... EVEN FOR A BIG POLICEMAN, MOTHER KNOWS WHAT'S BEST!

SUDDENLY... THE SHRIEK OF A POLICE SIREN SPLITS THE AIR...

EH?... A SQUAD CAR!... ITS STOPPING RIGHT OUTSIDE! MOM... SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!







TAKE IT EASY, LADY!... I'LL HAVE YA OUT IN A MINUTE...

OWCH!

MY HEAD!



HEY!! DOES ANYONE KNOW HOW TO SHUT THIS DARN THING OFF?



THAT GIRL ASKIN FOR ANDRE... SHE LOOKED AS THOUGH SHE KNEW SOMETHIN'... WHAT THE... SHE'S GONE!



I GOTTA GET SOME CLOTHES... AN' GO AFTER HER!

NOW, ROOKIE.. BIG AS YOU ARE YOU'D BEST LISTEN TO YOUR MA!

SORRY, MOM... I GOTTA... OHH.. SARGE BURNS.. ER.. HELLO, SIR..

RANKIN!



SO! YOU'RE MAKIN A FOOL O' ME ARE YE!.. TELLIN ME YA WAS SICK IN BED... WHEN ALL YE GOT IS A HANGOVER!.. GET DOWN TO THE STATION-HOUSE!

BUT, SARGE! I'M HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A TERRIFIC CASE!

AW, NOW, MRS. RANKIN! I KNOW HOW IT IS WITH MOTHERS! ALWAYS TRYIN' TO COVER UP THEIR SONS' MISTAKES!... HERE TAKE THESE NICE FLOWERS!

HE REALLY IS SICK, SERGEANT BURNS.. ONLY HE HASN'T SENSE ENOUGH TO STAY IN BED!

AT THE STATION HOUSE...

YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT THIS TIME, RANKIN... I'M GONNA FIND THE MOST BORIN' JOB THAT EVER HIT THE POLICE FORCE.

PLEASE, SARGE, LISTEN!

OK, WISE GUY... LISTEN. THERE'S A LITTLE YEGG KNOWN AS THE "WHINER" SITTIN' TIGHT IN SOME HOLE DOWNTOWN... WE DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS. SEE WHAT YOU THINK.

WASTIN' MY GOOD TIME WATCHIN' SOME CHEAP CROOK!

610 RATCASE STREET! THIS MUST BE THE DUMP. I'LL STICK AROUND TILL HE SHOWS UP!

INSIDE 610 RATCASE STREET, BY A DINGY WINDOW SITS... THE WHINER!

ANUDDER COPPER!

WHAH!... WHY DON'T DOSE GUYS LET ME ALONE?... BOO... HOO... NOW I'LL HAFTA PLUG HIM TOO!... SNIFF... SNIFF...

SNIFF... DIS'S GONNA KILL HIM... GEE, I FEEL TERRIBLE!

SHUCKS... HERE COMES DA DAME WIT DA DIRT. I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM LATER!

WHAT THE...? THATS THE GIRL WHO ASKED FOR ANDRE!

SHE'S GOIN' INTO 610

AN'... SO AM I!!



A DOOR JUST
OPENED...THERE
SHE GOES!



LISTEN, WHINER...
YOU SHOULD HAVE
TOLD ME YOU HAD
TO KNOCK OFF ANDRE.
I ALMOST STUCK MY
HEAD IN A
NOOSE! GET
MOVING...THAT
FUNERAL IS
IN AN HOUR,
AND THE BIG
SHOT IS SURE
TO BE
THERE!



GEE!
THIS IS
SOMETHIN'!

OK, LET'S
GO!



OOF!

DA
COPPER!



BOO-HOO...!
NOW I GOTTA
TIE HIM UP...!
I HATE TO...!
DOSE GUYS
ARE ALWAYS
IN DA WAY!
BAW!..

STOP
SNIFFING
AND
HURRY!



B-BE GOOD NOW...
AN' I'LL ONLY HAFTA KILL YA
DA EASY WAY!
SNIFF! SNIFF!

GLURG
GLOOMP



GOTTA GET
TO THE
WINDOW!



AWK!
IM GOIN'
OVER!

HEY, THERE'S
A GUY FALLING
OUTTA THE
WINDOW!



A COP!...
HOPE HE'S
NOT HURT
BAD!



THANKS
FOR GETTIN'
ME LOOSE,
MISTER!

YOU'RE
O.K.?



SWELL... WELL, SO
LONG... I'LL GIVE
YA A COUPLA TICKETS
TO THE POLICE BALL
SOMETIME!!



THEN...
I READ ABOUT
SOME BIG FUNER-
AL IN THE
PAPER THIS
MORNING.
I WONDER...!
THIS IS THE
PLACE IT'S
BEING HELD
IN!



GUESSED IT ALL RIGHT!...
THERE'S MY WHINER FRIEND
SOBBIN' LIKE HIS HEART
WOULD BREAK! AN'
THE DAME TOO!

SNIFF...
SNIFF...



I'LL SIT HERE AN...
UH, OH-HE'S PULLIN'
A KNIFE ON THE
GUY IN FRONT!



IT'S REAL
NICE BACK
HERE,
WHINER!



ROOKIE PRESENTS HIS
TWO CAPTIVES TO A
STUPEFIED SERGEANT...!



(BOO HOO...!) YA"
SHOULDA LET ME
KILL HIM... HE
WOULDN'T PAY ME
BLACKMAIL WHEN
I NEEDED THE
DOUGH BAD! P-POOR
ANDRE...! I HADDA
KNOCK HIM OFF 'CAUSE
HE WOULDN'T DO DIS
JOB FOR ME... (SNIFF...)
I REALLY HATE TO KILL
PEOPLE, BUT I GOTTA!



THE WHINER...
SO SAD. (SNIFF...
SNIFF...)

WUN CLOO



by
RALPH
JOHNS

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE



The PURPLE TRIO

THE EXTRAORDINARY VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS WHO MAKE UP THE *Purple Trio* ARE WARREN, THE VENTRILOQUIST, ROCKY, THE STRONG MAN, AND TINY, THE SINGING MIDGET.

A TALL BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS AGREES TO BE TINY'S BRIDE! WHY? WHAT SINISTER SCHEME LIES BEHIND THIS STRANGE COMBINATION?



THE PURPLE TRIO HAVE FINALLY MADE GOOD... BROADWAY HAS AGAIN ACCEPTED VAUDEVILLE AND THE CRITICS HAVE ACCEPTED THE BOYS

TIME FOR THE THEATRE, GENTLEMEN!

IN THEIR SMART NEW APARTMENT, WARREN AND ROCKY IMPATIENTLY AWAIT TINY.

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL DAY!

WE'LL BE LATE FOR SURE THIS TIME!

GOOD EVENING, BOYS? DUM DE DUM



WHERE WERE YOU?

TUT TUT. YOU'LL FRIGHTEN BABY!

BABY?

AND JUST WHERE DID YOU PICK UP "BABY"?

I ASK YOU PLEASE DON'T SHOUT, BABY IS THE PROPERTY OF THE COUNTESS AGNES!

COUNTESS! WHAT COUNTESS?

NOW, TINY, TRY TO FORGET THE COUNTESS AND HER "BABY" WE'RE IN THE DOUGH NOW!

OH YES, BY THE WAY BOYS, SURPRISE! THIS IS MY LAST PERFORMANCE.. I'M GOING TO WED THE LOVELY COUNTESS AGNES!

YOU WHAT? WELL HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!?

WITHOUT STOPPING TO ANSWER, TINY STEPS OUT FOR HIS ACT AS THE MANAGER STEPS IN.

JUST THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU, BOYS, AS A TRIO YOU'RE TERRIFIC.. BUT IF ONE OF YOU LEFT THE ACT.. WELL...

WHAT?

YEAH.. THANKS!

NOW WE ARE IN A MESS! IF TINY LEAVES US, WE LEAVE THE THEATRE!

THEN MY GOOD FRIEND, I SUGGEST WE PAY A VISIT TO THIS COUNTESS DIRECTLY AFTER THE SHOW!

AFTER THE SHOW..

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN?

HMM.. SEEMS WE HAVE INTERRUPT-ED A LITTLE CARD GAME!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE COUNTESS!

WHAT?

THE COUNTESS AND MR. TINY ARE IN THE GARDEN, GENTLEMEN!

WELL AIN'T THAT ROMANTIC?

SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON HERE!

SAY, WARREN, DID YOU NOTICE THE COUNTESS' PALS? WHAT KIND OF A JOINT IS THIS?



TSK TSK!
LOOK AT
TINY! IT'S
DISGUSTIN'!

'OO IS
MY LITTLE
MAN, HUH?

SURE,
TOOTSIE!



OH!
OH!

PARDON US!
COULD WE
HAVE A
PRIVATE
WORD WITH
"LITTLE
MAN?"



AND SO...
NOW LISTEN,
TINY.. IF YOU
DON'T COME
TO YOUR
SENSES, WE'LL
ALL GET
FIRED!

YOU MUGGS
ARE JUST
JEALOUS!
I'M GOING
TO MARRY
AGNES!



OUCH!



COME, TINY.. I'M
WAITING!



GOOD NIGHT,
GENTLEMEN!

AW COME
ON! WE'LL
LEAVE THESE
ROUGHNECKS!



Suddenly, ONE OF THE CARD PLAYERS PASSES THEM..
NICE LOOKING BIRD!
TAKE A LOOK AT
THE ROD HE'S
CARRYING!

YEAH?



ON SECOND
THOUGHT, I
THINK WE'LL
STAY!

LET'S
TAKE A
LOOK
AROUND!





SOON THE CAR SPEEDS OFF TO THE AUTHORITIES WITH THE ENTIRE SPY GANG PRISONERS.



IN THEIR DRESSING ROOM THE NEXT EVENING.



The Wall of invisible Fire

Like black beads in a tiny necklace, the little party of horsemen wound down the long, steep trail. To the west lay the towering, snow-capped Andes, which they had crossed, by some miracle, without the loss of a man or beast.

"But we're a long ways off yet," said Jimmy Christian to the man riding nearest him. "I think we must be something like fifty miles from the valley; I seem to recognize some of the landmarks."

Hatch Blanding nodded. "Yeah, looks that way," he said. "But it's pretty hard to make out landmarks down here, which you've spotted from a plane at five thousand."

It was to be a trek of momentous discovery, this one. Jimmy Christian and Blanding had been commissioned by the University of California to penetrate the Valley of the Nazca in eastern Peru, for the purpose of securing data on a race of amazing people who had inhabited that country before 600 A.D.

It was hardly to be hoped that any survivors were left. According to the findings of a Dr. Krohber, the Nazcas had lived since time immemorial in a comparatively small valley which had no outlet. Or, rather, there was an outlet. And it is this exit which disclosed to the anthropologist that a people had or still did reside in the locked valley. Dr. Krohber and his party had stumbled upon it the year before. They had been struck by the number of skeletons that lay sprawling near the outlet—most of them showing that death had come from a strange cause.

In the doctor's report to the college he had said: "All of those skeletons had been burned terribly. None of them were less than three hundred years old. What burned them, however, we were

unable to find out as the pass had been blocked by a great landslide some time before our arrival."

Now, exploring for a lost race is one of the duties most loved by Jimmy Christian, who has performed many feats as recorded in these records in the past.

Jimmy had come well prepared to uncover the slide and the pass. Three pack horses carried a large quantity of dynamite, and three others carried some six hundred pounds of sheet lead. Just what the lead was for he wouldn't tell Blanding who thought he was foolish for bringing such an item. Jimmy just smiled and said, "I'm not sure just why I brought it, Hatch, and if I've been wrong I'll take the laugh in stride."

But Jimmy didn't think he was wrong. The anthropologist's report had intrigued him immensely. If this should turn out to be the find he thought it might, then not only their fame as explorers, but the entire nation, would be rewarded.

For two days they rode the craggy trails, made mostly by llamas and goats. The air got warmer as they descended the high plateau from the Andes. Another day would find them in tropical weather.

It was toward the end of the second day that disaster struck them. They had been riding down a particularly steep portion of the plateau when Jimmy suddenly halted his mount.

"Listen!" he said. "That roaring—"

"Look!" cried Blanding, pointing toward the mountains. "Landslide!"

They lashed the jaded horses into a gallop, heading for a rise that lifted from the plateau a mile north of them. If they could make

that they might escape the millions of tons of rock and debris roaring toward them. This was the season of slides, when the high snows melt and tiny rivulets become terrible rivers in a moment.

Two of the horses fell on the hard lava and they had a difficult time getting them to their feet again, and in motion. By now the avalanche was less than a half mile off and coming with the speed of an express train.

"Hurry!" shouted Jimmy. "We've got to make that rise, or we'll be ground to pieces!"

Blanding lashed his horse unmercifully.

They made safety just as the vast slide thundered down the slope behind them, almost slicing their heels.

"Whew!" gasped Jimmy. "That was really a close one! After this we'll keep one eye on the rear."

Blanding mopped his perspiring face. "I guess we won't have much trouble with slides when we get down to the lower levels."

The morning of the third day found them only a few miles from the Valley of the Nazca, which they made out in the distance by its curtain of shimmering blue haze. Evidently it was a big valley.

At two o'clock that afternoon they were dismounting at the closed outlet. Immediately Jimmy went about examining the skeletons of the Nazca men which littered an area several hundred yards in extent.

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Blanding set up camp, unloaded the pack horses, and got out instruments. Suddenly Jimmy called to him: "Look here, Hatch. This looks funny." He pointed to one of the skeletons. The whitish bones of the entire left side were half burned through.

"You see it?" asked Jimmy. "Whole left side badly scorched. It's the same with all the others. Only the left side. Now what do you make of that?"

Blanding scratched his head. "Is funny, huh? Maybe it was some sacrificial fire they went through—"

"Not a chance!" Jimmy cut in. "Know what I think?" He halted. "Skip it for the moment. Let's blast this hole open and get a peek at the valley."

While Blanding was preparing for the blasting, Jimmy began unrolling the thin sheets of lead and making a sort of armor of them. Blanding finished his work and stood watching Jimmy for a moment. Then he shook his head.

"Maybe I'm nuts," he said. "But I ain't alone! Just what the heck are you doin'?"

Jimmy grinned. "Watch!"

It required a dozen charges of dynamite to cut a hole through the pass, but it was managed just before sunset. Blanding started into the opening, but Jimmy grabbed him.

"Steady, old horse!" he cautioned. "Remember these babies got burned coming out. No use taking chances. Let's let it wait till morning."

Blanding muttered something about crackpot, but he didn't insist upon entering the darkening pass. They had a good dinner and rolled in their blankets.

Jimmy was up at the crack of dawn. He shook Hatch. "Come on, sleepy head. We got work to do!"

Grumbling, Blanding crawled out of his sleeping bag. As he got breakfast, he had another surprise watching Jimmy. Young Chris-

tian was busily setting a snare, sprinkling red berries around it.

"Now what?" Blanding asked.

"Trap a bird," said Jimmy. "May need it a little later on."

"Of all the dim-wits," sighed Blanding as he poured buckwheat batter in the hot frying pan. Jimmy just grinned.

As the sun was peeping over the eastern jungle, they started for the pass. Blanding was grumbling under the weight of lead armour Jimmy had made him don. But both of them were thus decked out as they made their way slowly through the cleft. Jimmy had tied the legs of the bird he had captured in the snare with a bit of string, which he had in turn fastened to a long switch. This he carried held in front of him, the bird twittering and struggling as it dangled from the string.

Five minutes' walk took them through the pass, and now they were looking down into an immense valley above which clung the thick haze.

"Now," said Jimmy, "I guess we can take off the lead worsted and be safe."

They pulled off the thin sheets. Blanding said, "Just what do you think you've pulled, anyway? Let me in on this secret, lug!"

Jimmy chuckled. "Haven't you guessed yet? Take a gander at our little bird."

The bird hung, dead, at the end of the string.

"What the—" began Blanding.

Then he gaped. Jimmy placed the bird on the ground, turning it over and over slowly. It was scorched as if it had passed through the flame of a torch.

"Burned," said Jimmy. "Just as we'd have been burned had we not worn this lead covering. I'd wager that if the bird hadn't kept turning and fluttering, it would only have been burned on one side—the left one, the same as those poor devils lying out there."

"You mean," said Blanding as realization dawned on him, "that there's a deposit of—"

"Radium!" stated Jimmy. "Probably the biggest deposit in the entire world. And it's right there in the north wall of the pass, waiting for us to take it out. Imagine, Hatch, what we've found! With this radium America will have a corner on the supply! It will mean a lot in defense."

Blanding nodded, gazing off across the valley. "What a beautiful natural barrier to keep invaders out and its people in," he said. "Why, if an army tried to pass through that cut, they'd be burned to death—unless they had sense enough to wear lead."

"Right!" Jimmy replied. "Well, let's go on down in the valley and take a look around. We'll shoot some pictures and take notes of what we see, and then get back to the States and report our find."

(Jimmy didn't even guess it at the time, but he was in for a series of thrills down there in the Valley of the Nazcas! Perhaps we'll hear about it later on.)





THE GREAT WESTCOTT AIRCRAFT
COMPANY ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY.



THIS WINDS UP
YOUR INSPECTION
TOUR, WINGS. THERE'S
5000 PLANES A
MONTH ROLLING OUT
OF THIS PLANT TO
KICK THE AXIS IN
THE TEETH!

SUDDENLY!









DIANE WESTCOTT MANEUVERS HER SHIP BEAUTIFULLY AND WINGS MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE ATTACKERS...



YOU'RE A FOOL-HARDY GIRL, DIANE, BUT YOUR FATHER WOULD UNDERSTAND!

I ONLY REGRET THAT I'M RISKING YOUR LIFE NOW...



WE'RE OVER OCCUPIED FRANCE... WHEN WE CROSS THE RHINE, WE'LL FOLLOW THE RAIL ROAD FROM ESSEN TO BERLIN!



ALLIED BOMBER OVER ESSEN... HEAD-ING INTO GERMANY... ALTITUDE 20,000 FT.



DIANE, THE NAZIS HAVE LOCATED US... WE MUST CLIMB HIGHER TO ESCAPE THEIR FIGHTERS!



I... I CAN'T BREATHE... I'M GETTING WOOLY... I... UH...

THE AIR IS RARE... QUICK GET THIS OXYGEN TUBE IN YOUR MOUTH



40,000 FT. WE CAN'T BE SEEN NOR HEARD FROM THE GROUND... BERLIN HERE WE COME!!



THIS MAY BE THE END, DIANE... AND IN CASE WE NEVER GET BACK!...





OVER THE REICH CAPITAL! RELEASE BOMBS!



FROM OUT OF ONE OF THE CRUMBLING BUILDINGS STUMBLES THE MOST HATED MAN IN THE WORLD GRAVELY INJURED...



WE... DID IT!! BUT FROM NOW ON ALL OF GERMANY WILL BE OUT TO GET US!!



I'M SCARED!

THAT'S A HOT ONE ...AFTER FLYING THE OCEAN AND BOMBING BERLIN!



WE'RE HIT!



IT'S THE END... EVERYTHING'S GETTING BLACK!!



DAYS LATER... IN A HOSPITAL IN SWEDEN...

OOOH! I HAD THE WORST DREAM!

NOW LIE BACK AND TAKE IT EASY, YANK... IT WAS A MIRACLE THAT YOU REACHED SWEDEN IN THAT BULLET-RIDDED PLANE!



YOUR COMPANION IS RECOVERING FROM SHOCK AND BRUISES... BY THE WAY GERMANY'S FUHRER WAS ALMOST KILLED IN A RAID ON BERLIN LAST NIGHT!

IS THAT SO? THOSE FLYERS MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY CLOSE TO GET IN A CRACK LIKE THAT!

THE MARKSMAN



PUBLIC NOTICE!
MAJOR HURTZ
CHALLENGES
THE MARKSMAN
TO A BATTLE
TO THE DEATH!

VAT
DIT
YOU
SAY?

GOOD!
ANOTHER
NAZI
WILL
DIE!!

BUT HOW DO YOU
INTEND TO "KILL"
THE MARKSMAN,
BARON... WHEN
YOU ARE HE?

WELL I WILL
NEED YOUR
HELP, VORKA
I HAVE A
SCHEME...

YOU SEE I NEED A GOOD
EXCUSE TO GO TO BERLIN...
HITLER WILL CALL ME THERE
TO REWARD ME IF I CAN
KILL THE MARKSMAN...



THAT NIGHT AT DINNER.



THE NAZIS DO NOT SEE A FIGURE CRAWLING INTO THE SHADOWS...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
ENROUTE TO BERLIN...

HERO OF THE REICH...
HA! ALL I WANT IS TO
FREE THE POLISH
INVENTOR, WAKOVSKY.
IT WILL NOT
BE EASY!!



AT THE AIRPORT...



DER FUEHRER WILL
BE IN BERLIN TO-
MORROW.. MEAN-
WHILE OUR
THEATERS AND
CAFES ARE
OPEN TO YOU!!!



I DID NOT COME
SOLELY FOR RE-
WARD AND
PLEASURE, MAR-
SHAL.. TAKE ME
TO THE POLE,
WAKOVSKY.. I
BELIEVE I CAN
"INFLUENCE" HIM
TO WORK FOR
US!



THE MAJOR'S REQUEST IS GRANTED..

SO, WAKOVSKY, YOU STILL
REFUSE TO DO THE REICH'S
WORK, EH! WE HAVE
FOUND YOUR LITTLE
DAUGHTER AND I HATE
TO SEE HER
HARMED!!



BUT I
HAVE
NO...

DO NOT PRETEND ANY
LONGER... WE WANT
TO BE FRIENDS...
TO PROTECT HER...
BUT IF YOU
REFUSE...



WH--- OH YES..
MY DAUGHTER..
H-M-M... NO.. NO..
NOT EVEN FOR
HER! RATHER
SHE WERE DEAD
THAN ALIVE IN
A NAZI
WORLD!!



HE CANNOT BE SO
HEARTLESS! HE MUST
BE PLANNING AN
ESCAPE...



THAT NIGHT...

WHAT'S THIS!
A RUBBER
NOSED ARROW..
AND A NOTE!



"LIGHT A
MATCH AT
THE LEVEL OF
YOUR GUARDS
HEART"





I HAVE NO MATCH, BUT... AH YES, MY HIDDEN CIGARETTES... GUARD!



WELL? HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?

I AM THINKING IT OVER... HERE HAVE A CIGARETTE...



DANKA...

WHILE ON A LEDGE OPPOSITE THE PRISON WINDOW.



THE LIGHT !!



WITH DEADLY AIM, THE MARKSMAN HITS HIS DIFFICULT TARGET...

AAAHH!



AH... THE KEYS!



HALT... AAAHH!



HSST!



YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A SHORT RIDE IN AN AMBULANCE FROM HERE...



DOCTOR WERNER, AT THE HOSPITAL WILL HELP ME GET YOU OUT OF GERMANY. HE IS A MEMBER OF THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT HERE!!

THAT IS GOOD!



NEXT DAY...

REWARD? YOU SHOULD BE LIQUIDATED! THE MARKSMAN IS ALIVE AND IN BERLIN! LAST NIGHT HE HELPED A PRISONER TO ESCAPE!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF.. BRING BACK THE POLE WAKOVSKY, DEAD OR ALIVE! BUT THIS TIME I WANT TO SEE THE BODY!



AT THE HOSPITAL...

BEFORE WE CAN SEND HIM OUT OF GERMANY, I'VE GOT TO PROVE WAKOVSKY'S DEAD! DR. WERNER... CAN YOU...

CERTAINLY, HANS! SEND ME A FRESH CADAVER FROM THE LABORATORY!!

DR. WERNER PRIVATE



I'VE NEVER DONE A PLASTIC JOB ON A CORPSE BEFORE BUT.. NOW LET ME SEE YOUR PROFILE, WAKOVSKY..



HOW IS IT?

PERFECT!



LATER...

AT ONCE, MAJOR!

I HAVE TRAILED WAKOVSKY TO HIS HIDING PLACE... YOU MAY SEND SOME STORM TROOPERS TO MAKE THE ARREST!



DERE HE ISS.. DAT'S HIM!

BUT HE LOOKS..



HE ISS DEAD !!

SUICIDE!

HE MUST HAVE KNOWN HE COULDN'T GET AWAY MIT IT!

WHILE ON A NEARBY ROOF.

I'LL MAKE IT TOUGH FOR THEM... AND WHEN HERR HITLER SEES THAT HIS BEST STORM TROOPERS CAN'T GET THE MARKSMAN, HE WON'T BE SO HARD ON POOR MAJOR HURTZ!

VAT IN HIMMEL!!

DER MARKSMAN!!

ON DER ROOF.. GET HIM!!

WE MUST NOT LET HIM GET AWAY!

THERE HE... YAAAAA!!

HE'S THERE!

NO OVER HERE..

THAT VAY!

THIS VAY!

ACH...! HE ESCAPED

WE HAVE THE BODY OF WAKOVSKY. IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!

ONCE AGAIN, MAJOR HURTZ IS CALLED BEFORE DER FUEHRER..

THIS TIME YOU HAVE EARNED A REWARD.. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THIS MARKSMAN IS MORE THAN HUMAN!!

I WISH TO ASK ONE FAVOR, THE PRIVILEGE OF FLYING WITH A HEAVY BOMBER TO AFRICA!!!

GRANTED!

LATER AT THE AIRPORT...

I'M MAJOR HURTZ...
MY CREW HAS COME
TO LOAD THE BOMBER
I'M FLYING WITH
TOMORROW. DER
FUEHRER'S ORDERS!!

YES
SIR!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT
IN THAT TUBE,
WAKOVSKY?

ALL
SET!



EASY
MEN!



NEXT DAY...

THIS ISS
AFRICA,
HERR MAJOR.

WE'RE
RELEASING
THE FIRST
BOMB
NOW!



AS THE "BOMB" IS RELEASED
WAKOVSKY GETS OUT OF
THE TUBE...



FOR DEMOCRACY
!!

UGH!

VAT
ISS?



AM I SEEING
THINGS 'ENRY?
THE BLIGHTER
TURNED TAIL
BEFORE WE
HAD A SHOT
AT 'IM!

..AND SOME-
ONE'S BAILED
OUT... C'MON,
LET'S 'AVE A
LOOK!



WELL, JAN WAKOVSKY
IS IN THE HANDS OF
THE BRITISH, FREE TO
DEVOTE HIS SKILL
TO THE
UNITED NATIONS!!



AND NOW, BACK
TO POLAND. VORKA
WILL BE WORRIED
ABOUT ME!!!

